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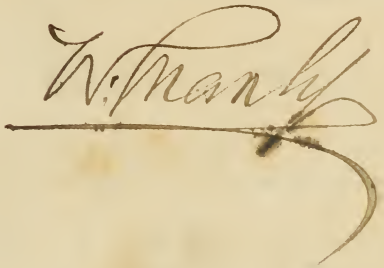

A Tribute of

REGARD,

PRESENTED BY

Thy Affectionate

Friend

Where some sweet relief she may find, To feed and to tend on her young.

London. Published by W. Darton Junr. 58 Holborn Hill. July 13th 1816.

TALES OF THE ROBIN,

AND

OTHER SMALL BIRDS;

SELECTED FROM THE BRITISH POETS,

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY JOSEPH TAYLOR,

Compiler of "The Wonders of the Horse," &c.

For song melodious, and for plumage gay,
The feather'd choir Almighty Power display.

WITH SIX COPPER-PLATES.

LONDON:

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Sold also by

HARVEY AND DARTON, 55, GRACECHURCH STREET; JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD; AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

Price Two Shillings, half-bound.

1815

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TALES

OF

THE ROBIN.

A SINGULAR story is told of a ROBIN REDBREAST, who, for fifteen years, inhabited the Cathedral of Bristol, and received its subsistence from the hands of the verger. During the time of divine service, it usually perched upon one of the mitres of the organ, and accompanied the solemnity with offering up its harmonious praise.

The following elegant Lines were written by a Member of that Church on this little Chorister.

SWEET social Bird! whose soft harmonious lays
Swell the glad song of thy Creator's praise,
Say, art thou conscious of approaching ills,
Fell Winter's storms, the pointed blast that kills?

Shun'st thou the savage North's unpitying breath?
Or cruel man's more latent snares of death?
Here dwell secure, here, with incessant note,
Pour the soft music of thy trembling throat;
Here, gentle bird, a sure asylum find,
Nor dread the chilling frost, nor boisterous wind.
No hostile tyrant of the feather'd race
Shall dare invade thee in this hallow'd place;
Nor, while he sails the liquid air along,
Check the shrill number of thy cheerful song:
No cautious gunner, whose unerring sight,
Stops the swift eagle in his rapid flight,
Shall here disturb my lovely songster's rest,
Nor wound the plumage of his beauteous breast.
The truant school-boy, who in cruel play,
With viscid lime involves the treach'rous spray,
In vain shall spread the wily snare for thee;
Alike secure thy life and liberty.
Peace then, sweet warbler, to thy flutt'ring heart,
Defy the rage of hawks, and toils of art.
Now shake thy downy plumes: now gladly pay
Thy grateful tribute to each rising day:
While crowds below their willing voices raise,
To sing with holy zeal Jehovah's praise;

Thou, perch'd on high, shall hear th'adoring throng,
Catch the warm strains, and aid the sacred song,
Increase the solemn chorus, and inspire
Each tongue with music, and each heart with fire.

The following pretty Lines to the REDBREAST *are from the chaste pen of the Rev.* RICHARD HENNAH, *of Plymouth.*

SEVERELY blew the northern blast,
The snow o'erspread the plain;
Mute was the grove, and Nature sunk
In Winter's icy chain.

When at my door the Redbreast came,
In melancholy mood,
Beneath my roof, from Pity's hand,
To implore a little food.

Press'd both by hunger and the cold,
He greatly wish'd to stay;
But fear within his throbbing breast,
Oft whisper'd, Fly away!

Mankind, he knew, too seldom lent
To woe a friendly ear!
Grimalkin too, a deadly foe!
Perhaps was watching near.

But didst thou, little songster, know
How much I feel for thee,
Thoud'st leave awhile the leafless wood,
And winter here with me.

For here thou may'st in safety sit,
And plume thy dripping wing;
Or, while the tempests rage without,
Attune thy voice and sing.

Then fearless come! thy cheerful notes
Have often charm'd my ear;
For this, protection shalt thou find!
For this, thou'rt welcome here!

The crumbs which from my table fall,
Thy daily food shall be;
The fire which blazes on the hearth,
Shall warm both you and me.

And in return, when warmer suns
Recal thee to the plain,
To taste both love and liberty,
With all thy tribes again,

I ask thee, now and then, to come,
At dawn, or setting day,
And charm, with thy accustom'd notes,
My gloomy cares away.

Written on seeing a ROBIN *in severe Weather.*
By Mrs. BOND HOPKINS.

SWEET Bird! who cheer'st the heavy hours
Of Winter's dreary reign;
Oh! still exert thy tuneful powers,
And pour the vocal strain.

Whilst I with gratitude prepare
The food thy wants demand;
Go not to seek a scanty fare
From Nature's frozen hand.

Domestic bird, near me remain,
Until the verdant spring
Again shall bid the woodland train
Their grateful tribute bring.

Sweet Robin, then thou may'st explore,
And join the feather'd throng;
And every vocal bush shall pour
The energy of song.

May'st thou enjoy the silver scene
Till all its charms are o'er,
And Winter's melancholy reign
My pensioner restore.

A Welcome *to a* Robin Redbreast.

Little Bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed;
Courtly dames of high degree
Have no room for thee and me.
Pride and Pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal;
Doubt not, little tho' there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee.
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again!
Well thou know'st the broken pane;
Ask of me thy daily store,
Go not near *Avaro's* door:
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befal.
Savage! he would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast.

Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.

Dr. Langhorne.

PITY *and the* ROBIN.

'Tis said that Pity once a Robin found,
To all appearance lifeless on the ground:
Its little heart betray'd no genial heat;
The pulse of life no warm emotion beat!
Seal'd, seal'd for ever, seem'd its tuneful breath,
And eyes half clos'd proclaim'd a recent death.
"Alas! (cry'd Pity) though too late to save,
"Poor little songster, make my breast thy grave!
"Thy tomb, sweet Robin, shall my bosom prove—
"Lie here!"—she started!—thought she felt it move!"
'Twas true! the soft, the palpitating breast
Near which the warbler was consigned to rest,
Wak'd it to life!—it sung a grateful strain,
And, kiss'd by Pity, wing'd its flight again.

William Upton, Esq.

Sonnet to a Robin.

Written in the severe Winter of 1795.

Poor wand'rer ! thou art welcome to this shed,
For thou hast borne the pitiless cold storm;
Felt the keen blast on thy defenceless head,
And heard destruction threat thy gentle form.

What though thy feeble wing now seek its rest,
Where Sorrow's pallid victim sinks supine;
One genial glow still lingers in this breast,
To soothe the timid flutterings of thine.

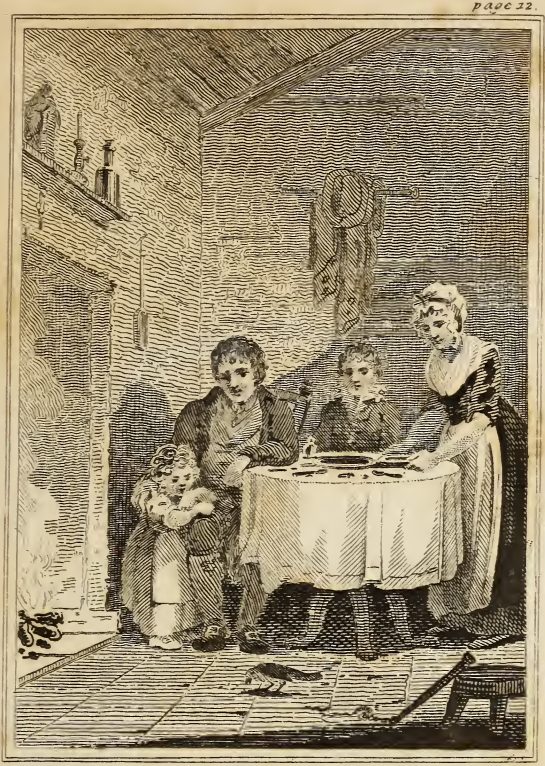
Perchance, that sympathy may be as sweet,
As what Festivity's gay child could give;
Perchance, thou know'st no mercy gilds his seat,
Who never in the tempest knew to live.

Come then, mild suff'rer, my companion be,
Life yet shall know one charm, if I can bless
e'en thee.

Beautiful Description of a ROBIN, *who, urged by the inclemency of the Season to forsake the Fields, endeavours to ingratiate himself with Man.*

THE Redbreast, sacred to the household Gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet.

Thomson's Seasons.



Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs Attracts his slender feet.

London Published by W. Darton Junr. 58 Holborn Hill July 13th 1815.

An ADDRESS *to the* ROBIN.

AWAY, pretty Robin, fly home to your nest,
To make you my captive would please me the best,
And feed you with worms and with bread;
Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all colour'd with red.

But then 'twould be cruel to keep you, I know,
So stretch out your wings, little Robin, and go,
Fly home to your young ones again;
Go, listen again to the notes of your mate,
And enjoy the green shade in your lonely retreat,
Secure from the wind and the rain.

But when the leaves fall, and the winter winds blow,
And the green fields are cover'd all over with snow,
And the clouds in white feathers descend;
When the springs are all ice, and the rivulets freeze,
And the long shining icicles drop from the trees;
Then, Robin, remember your friend.

If with cold and with hunger quite perish'd and
weak,
Come tap at my window again with your beak,
And gladly I'll let you come in;
You shall fly to my bosom, or perch on my
thumbs,
Or hop round the table and pick up the crumbs,
And never be hungry again.

Original Poems—Darton and Harvey.

The Redbreast's Petition.

The Thrush sings nobly on the tree,
In strength of voice excelling me,
Whilst leaves and fruit are on.
Think how poor Robin sings for you,
When Nature's beauties bid adieu,
And leaves and fruits are gone.
Ah, then to me some crumbs of bread pray fling!
And through the year my grateful thanks I'll
sing.

When Winter's winds blow loud and rude,
And birds retire in sullen mood,
And snows make white the ground;
I sing, your drooping hearts to charm,
And sure that you'll not do me harm,
I hop your window round.
Ah, then to me some crumbs of bread pray fling!
And through the year my grateful thanks I'll sing.

Since, friends, in you I put my trust,
As you enjoy, you should be just,
And for your music pay;
And when I find a trav'ller dead,
My bill with leaves the corpse shall spread,
And sing his passing lay.
Ah, then to me some crumbs of bread pray fling!
And through the year my grateful thanks I'll sing.

Original Poems—Darton and Harvey.

DELIA'S ADDRESS *to the* ROBIN.

SWEET Redbreast! from thy liquid throat
Still warbling forth thy plaintive lay,
With pleasing rapture swell the note,
And charm thy mistress all the day.

If thou with her will deign to dwell,
And kindly cheer her lonely hours;
She'll daily tend thy little cell,
And deck it with the fairest flow'rs.

Pure water from the chrystal spring,
She, ever mindful of thy good,
With constant care will ever bring,
And cull for thee the choicest food.

Sweet social bird! here in my sight,
With grateful joy, contented rest,
Nor seek to wing thy vent'rous flight,
Where cold and rain and storms molest.

In Delia's safe asylum bred,
Say, can'st thou bear stern Winter's blast?
By Delia's lavish bounty fed,
Say, can'st thou keep his hoary fast?

What though, when morning gilds the plain,
When Nature's songsters croud the spray,
You never trill your love-taught strain,
Melodious to the brightening day.

Your tender bosom ne'er shall own
Severe affliction's keenest smart;
While you with fruitless sorrow moan
The much lov'd partner of your heart.

What though, when verdure robes the spring,
You ne'er explore the mazy wood,
Nor ever spread the trembling wing
With anxious fondness o'er your brood.

Robb'd of its young, thou ne'er shalt know
What pangs a parent's breast invade,
Nor pour thy tale of tender woe,
'Midst the dark forest's dreary shade.

An INVITATION *to a* ROBIN REDBREAST.

HITHER, little warbler, come!
Softest of the feather'd kind!
Deem this lonely hut thy home,
Welcome here thou'rt sure to find.

Dwell with me, and banish fear;
See my table daily spread!
Snares will ne'er inhabit here,
Make with me thy little bed.

Thy example, harmless friend,
From all vice, shall bear me free;
That, in death, I may descend,
Pure and innocent as thee.

MARY AND THE ROBIN.

A beautiful little Tale, by WM UPTON, *Esq.*

'TWAS winter, and chill blew the wind,
And fast fell the white driven snow;
The earth all to darkness consign'd,
And fast, fast, the day seem'd to go.

When a Robin, sweet Robin, was heard
To twitter, and chirrup, and sing;
Yet it looked as it wish'd, pretty bird,
At the door of a cot to come in.

Fair Mary, whose heart was as soft
As the down on the cygnet or dove,
Bent forward, and tempted it oft,
To fly to the window above.

The bird, as by sympathy led,
Sung, twitter'd, and chirrup'd again;
Then flew to her hand for the bread,
As she held it to welcome it in.

All night in the cottage it staid,
All night was a slumberer there;
In the morn it saluted the maid,
With the choral of gratitude's prayer.

And yet, with the sun-cheering day,
For freedom did hover and sigh;
She kiss'd it!—the bird flew away,
But far from the cot didn't fly;

O, no;—for a tree was his stand,
Each day near the couch of the fair;
And at night, when he'd fed from her hand,
His roost was the back of her chair.

Fair Mary was lovely and young,
Sweet Robin would sing her to rest;
In the morn in her praises he sung,
And at evening perch'd on her breast.

Yet *Mary, fair Mary,* was sad,
She sicken'd, and died for a youth:
For one who her virgin love had;
A villain to beauty and truth.

Sweet Robin, e'er constant and true,
Came, as usual, his mistress to meet;
He came,—to her cold bosom flew!
And at morn was found dead at her feet.

To her grave, by a train all in white,
They bore her with many a tear;
And a tombstone doth friendship indite,
"Sweet Robin and Mary lie here."

SONNET *to a* ROBIN *singing in a Tree.*

By Dr. MAYOR.

HEARD you that faint, that dying strain,
In cadence with the falling leaf?
With me, sweet bird, dost thou complain?
For fading nature wakes my grief!

Her chequer'd tints, that mark decay,
O'er every sense spread gloom and sad dismay.

Back to gay Summer's sunny hours,
Fond fancy turns on bliss intent;
It starts—Reflection numbs her powers,
For Pleasure's glass, alas! is spent.

Renew, sweet bird, that plaintive song,
In unison my feelings move;
Unheard you sing, amid the throng,—
Neglected ever will my sorrows prove.

A Monody,

Supposed to be sung by a Redbreast.

The gentle pair, that in these lonely shades,
Wandering at eve or morn, I oft have seen,
Now all in vain I seek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn,
Along the grove, along the daisied green.
For them I've warbled many a summer's day,
Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and high adventures old,
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.

Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all, are dead.
With them the meed of melody is fled,
And fled with them the listening ear of praise.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the wintry sky
Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
To soothe keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain.

That oft within the hospitable hall
Some scatter'd fragments haply I might find,
Some friendly crumb, perchance for me design'd,
When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
Deluded bird, those hopes are now no more!
Dull Time has blasted the despairing year,
And Winter frowns severe,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar.
Yet not within the hospitable hall
The chearful sound of human voice I hear;
No piteous voice is near
To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

Dr. Langhorne.

Ode *to the* Robin Redbreast.

Though Robin, countless bards have paid
Thee compliments before, a new one,
Meek warbler of the rural shade!
Is anxious now to pay thee, too, one.

The lofty minstrels of the Spring,
When Flora pranks the lawns and bowers,
May drown thy sweet voice while they sing,
With louder pipe, superior powers.

But soon these vernal rivals cease,
That for a season chaunt so cheery;
When Spring departs, their notes decrease,
And Summer finds them dull and weary.

'Tis now thy worth begins to shine,
Thou persevering bird of spirit!
When scarce a note is heard but thine,
Now ev'ry shade proclaims thy merit.

Thy lively carol Autumn hails,
Repairing to the field at morning;
Thy evening pipe his ear regales,
When from his toilsome task returning.

E'en Winter, on his gloomy way,
Pauses amid the stormy riot,
And listens to thy pleasing lay,
And bids his blustering train be quiet.

Sing on, sweet bird! our vales to cheer,
Belov'd by all the Sons of Reason,
But to the Poet doubly dear,
Who chaunts, like thee, thro' every season.

HAFIZ.

Morning Post, October 28, 1807.

VERSES

On finding a favourite ROBIN *frozen to death.*

MY little friend! thy fate should claim a tear,
Cold is thy form, and hush'd thy tuneful strain:
It grieves me much that I no more shall hear
Thy "wood-notes wild" beneath my thatch again.

The wintry blast, which howls across the moor,
Hath chill'd the current in thy crimson breast;
And oh! it rends my heart with anguish sore,
That death has robb'd me of my welcome guest.

When Sol first darted forth its feeble ray,
Thou flew'st with airy wing around my shed;
Thy flutterings at my window seemed to say—
"My mistress kind, oh! give a little bread."

How did my sparkling eyes with rapture beam,
When I to thee the scanty boon had giv'n;
Thou bow'dst thy head to sip the chrystal stream;
It rose again with grateful look to Heav'n.

Then would'st thou hop around my cheerful fire,
And flutter still, as though still loth to part;
Unlike to man!—for kindness could inspire
A thankful feeling in a Robin's heart.

Thou saidst, "When Spring returns I'll build my nest
"Beneath the covert of yon aged tree;
"And whilst my young are fostered in my breast,
"I'll teach them songs of gratitude to thee.

" When the first dawn of morn begins to peep,
" Their strains from slumber shall thine eyes unclose,
" And when at eve thou sink'st again to sleep,
" Their gentle songs shall soothe thee to repose."

Sweet bird! soft Spring shall never visit thee,
Thine eyes are clos'd in death's cold gloomy night;
In vain once more shall bloom that aged tree,
Thy tender brood shall ne'er the woods delight.

Thy little form beneath the sod shall lie,
And there the violets of the Spring shall bloom;
And when my mournful footsteps wander nigh,
I'll drop a tear on little Robin's tomb.

Monthly Visitor, February; 1802.

INVITATION *to the* REDBREAST.

STAY warbler, nor forsake my cot,
Though little I've to spare,
With you—contented with my lot,
I will that little share.

Hark! how the wind around thee howls,
See hills of snow arise,
High o'er thy head the falcon prowls,
Dark clouds obscure the skies.

Then, ah! within my cottage rest,
Nor heedless seek thy doom;
The winter storm, in terror drest,
Spreads wide its mournful gloom.

But here, secure from ev'ry ill,
From wind, and hail, and snow,
No fears thy gentle breast shall fill,
No dangers shalt thou know.

My pittance, though but scant, each day
With thee will I divide,
When on my humble bed I lie,
Ah! perch thee by my side.

And when the genial Spring returns,
And blossoms deck each tree;
If freedom's flame within thee burns
Sweet bird thou shalt be free.

Then seek a mate, and built your nest,
Yon hawthorn trees among;
And, oh! each morn, my lovely guest,
Awake me with a song.

Monthly Mirror.

Epitaph *on a* Robin.

Beneath this mossy sod, this lap of love,
Lies a poor tenant of the vocal grove;
No gaudy plume, of many colour'd dyes,
Mark'd the proud offspring of exotic skies;
No minstrel song had he to charm the ear,
Or draw from pity's eye the trembling tear;
Yet with a simple strain, and void of art,
He found a passage to each infant heart;
And, as with cold he shiver'd near their cot,
They felt his sorrows and bewail'd his lot.

With them he shar'd the pittance of their feast,
And in their bosoms built his little nest.

But must the muse the mournful hour relate
Which seal'd the period of their darling's fate.
Enough their fond, their true regard to tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how lamented fell!
Those gentle hands, which once reviv'd his breath,
Would, vainly, ward the stroke of death.
They mourn'd his fall with many a pensive tear,
And bade his lov'd remains find shelter here.
And oft, at fading hour of eve they'll bring
The infant treasures of the opening spring;
The woodbine here in Nature's grace shall bloom,
Waving in wild luxuriance o'er his tomb;
The soft-ey'd daisy lends its modest dyes,
To consecrate the turf where Robin lies.

Whoe'er by chance these artless lines may see,
Blame not the poet's simple theme; since *He*
Who form'd the rainbow, and ordain'd the shower,
Gave to the lightning wings, the thunder power,

Observes, " with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a Robin fall."

Moral Views.

On a REDBREAST.

AMID the storm, disordered high in air,
It chanc'd a solitary Redbreast flew;
Full soon, alas! hurl'd on the weedy plain,
The little love-bird gleam'd upon my view.

Soft from the ground its storm-beat form I rais'd,
And fruitless strove to warm it in my breast;
The cold, cold hand of death, its veins had chill'd,
And giv'n the gem of life eternal rest.

In vain it bent its head on breast reclin'd,
In vain it bent so low its charming head;
In vain, so late of heaven-born freedom proud,
O'er daisied fields its airy pinions spread.

Close to the body clung the drooping wing,
The tuneful pipe and flow'ry tread were o'er;
Forc'd by the ruffian blast, and ruthless storm,
It droop'd, it sunk, it died, to rise no more.

Sweet bird! no more shalt thou with swelling throat
Triumphant greet the morning's orient ray;
No more shall proudly lift th' exulting crest,
No more shall dance upon the tender spray.

For me, would the expected hour were nigh.
Delusive hour, to me thou dost not come;
Ah, erring grief! still must I crave thy aid,
To lull my sorrows in the silent tomb.

Monthly Magazine.

An INVITATION *to a* ROBIN REDBREAST.

Ah! hasten, shiv'ring warbler, to my cot,
Come, take the scanty crumb, with me partake;
Tho' mean my house, and penury my lot,
My fost'ring care shall never thee forsake.

Beneath my straw-clad roof securely hide
Thy drooping head, by ruthless storms opprest;
Come fearless, with a guardian friend abide,
No rude oppressor shall invade thy rest.

Ah! haste thee from yon rugged thorn and snow,
Yon northern chilling, life-oppressing blast;
Ere thou art doom'd to share drear Winter's woe,
Haste, claim my shade, till Winter's rage is past;

Enjoy the warmth my little cot bestows,
And chaunt away the hours which gloom invades,
'Midst hopes, ere long, o'er ruins of the snows,
Reviving Spring will spread the lovely shades.

Sporting Magazine.

JULIA'S ADDRESS *to the* ROBIN.

STAY, sweet enchanter of the grove,
Leave not so soon thy native tree:
O warble still those notes of love,
While my fond heart responds to thee.

Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
'Till chilly Autumn frowns severe:
Then charm me with thy parting lay,
And I will answer with a tear.

But soon as Spring, enwreath'd with flow'rs,
Comes dancing o'er the new drest plain;
Return, and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
My Robin, with those notes again.

SONNET *to the* REDBREAST.

DEAR sprightly tenant of my leafless bow'r,
Those who art ever happy all the year,
When seasons dazzle, or when seasons low'r,
Thy little bosom's still devoid of care.

But why now, Robin! dost thou sing so sweet!
For Time, I see, has made a peck at thee—
Bereft thee of thy tail—thou can'st not see't;
Or else, perhaps, thou would'st not sing so free.

Did'st thou but know (the genial hours are fled)
Of horrid Winter, with his demons nigh,
Of thy fond partner and thy parent dead,
Perhaps, poor bird! thoud'st heave the heart-torn sigh.

But much I love thy minstrelsy sincere,
So much, indeed, the whole I cannot say;
Unlike our kind, unlike the changeful year,
Thou still art constant thro' the *stormy day*.

European Magazine.

INVITATION *to the* ROBIN.

WHEN all the fields are rob'd in snow,
And northern winds tempestuous blow:
Pretty tuneful warbler come,
Come, come and frolic round my room.

With open windows I'll receive,
With food thy hungry grief relieve:
Convinc'd thy sweet melodious lay,
My entertainment will repay.

And when cold frost congeals the plain,
Frequent my friendly roof again;
Rememb'ring still thy warbling lay,
My entertainment will repay.

SMALL BIRDS.

The NIGHTINGALE.

THY plaintive notes, sweet Philomel,
All other melodies excel!
Deep in the grove retir'd;
Thou seem'st thyself and song to hide,
Nor dost thou boast or plume with pride,
Nor wish to be admir'd.

So, if endu'd with pow'r and grace,
And with that pow'r my will keep pace,
To act a gen'rous part!
Hence, paltry ostentatious show!
Nor let my lib'ral action know
A witness, but my heart.

The LARK.

FROM his humble grassy bed,
See the warbling lark arise!
By his grateful wishes led,
Through those regions of the skies,

Songs of thanks and praise he pours,
Harmonizing airy space,
Sings, and mounts, and higher soars,
T'wards the throne of heav'nly grace.

Small his gifts compar'd to mine,
Poor my thanks with his compar'd:
I've a soul almost divine:
Angels blessings with me shar'd.

Wake, my soul! to praise aspire,
Reason, every sense accord,
Join in pure seraphic fire,
Love, and thanks, and praise the Lord!

Ode *to the* Thrush.

Sweet warbler! to whose artless song
Soft music's native powers belong,
Here fix thy haunt, and o'er these plains
Still pour thy wild untutor'd strains!
Still hail the morn with sprightly lay,
And sweetly hymn the parting day:
But sprightlier still, and sweeter pour
Thy songs o'er Flavia's fav'rite bow'r;
There softly breathe the vary'd sound,
And chaunt thy loves, or woes, around.

So may'st thou live, securely blest,
And no rude storms disturb thy nest,
No birdlime twig, or gin annoy,
Or cruel gun, thy brood destroy:
No want of shelter may'st thou know,
Which Ripton's lofty shades bestow;
No dearth of winter berries fear,
For haws and hips blush half the year.

London Magazine

The DEATH *of the* HAWK, *and the* COUNCIL *of* BIRDS,

Written by Mr. Upton.

'TWAS a Midsummer morn, when the birds of the air
Call'd a council of state,—weighty things to declare;
Their chamber a wood, leafy, secret and wide,
And they met to debate on the Hawk that had died.

Then there came the Linnet, the Goldfinch, and Lark,
With the Nightingale, just from her song in the dark;
The Chaffinch, and birds from the mountain and glen,
The Sparrow and Thrush, with the Robin and Wren.

Their chamber a wood, leafy, secret and wide. And they met to debate on the Hawk that had died.

London. Published by W. Darton Jun.r 58. Holborn Hill July 13.th 1815.

And there came the Blackbird, the Starling, and Daw,
With the Rook, which addressed them all round with its "Caw!"
And there came the Cuckoo, so simple and shy,
With its noisy companion, the gaudy Magpie.

Then the Jay, and Tomtit, with the Bullfinch were there,
And each bird of passage, that skims through the air;
The Martin, the Swallow, the Wagtail, the Dove,
Still flush'd with the kisses received from its love!

Then warm, aye, and long, was the question discuss'd,
And this Hawk, by all parties, set down as the worst:
"How a hundred long years through the air he had flown,
"Ever fierce, and devouring all birds but his own."

But to tell every murder and mischief he'd done,
More fell to their species than netting and gun,
Wou'd last e'n till doomsday; so *Chancellor, Owl*
Summ'd up, and declar'd him a felon most foul.

" But time," said the Judge, " has suspended his breath,
" And the blood-sucking savage has met with his death!"
At this ev'ry minstrel pour'd forth a sweet song,
Till the air rang with music, melodious and strong.

And they vow'd " that a feast the next day should take place,
" To rejoice at the death of this foe to their race:
" Nay more, while a something each one would bring there,
" They'd invite to the treat all the birds in the air."

'Twas fix'd; and all rising, each bird plum'd
his wing,
And sang of the fruit and the dainties they'd
bring;
And each little chorister vow'd "it was good,"
As they flew off in *pairs* from the *trees* in the
wood.

Ode *to a* Swallow,

Seen late in October, at Gill-Hall, near Dromore.

What caus'd thee thus to lag behind,
When all thy kindred have departed?
Where wert thou wand'ring on the wind,
When from our shore the fleet crowd started?

Say, did these pleasant shades awhile
Tempt thee beyond the time to linger?
Or Beauty's charm thy heart beguile,
Or witching strain of some sweet singer?

Poor bird! I grieve at thy delay:
For see, the wintry storm is brewing—
Long grows the night, and short the day—
The falling leaves the walks are strewing.

Yet still thou seem'st, on sportive plume,
Reckless of the inclement season;
Approaching woes give thee no gloom,
And instinct mocks the fears of reason.

Beware! for thou, alas! shalt soon
Repent the cause of thy delaying;
False Beauty's smile, Love's Syren tune,
Thee to thy ruin are betraying!

October's moon is in the wane—
Thy wintry foes are growing stronger—
Haste! prune thy wing, and o'er the main!
Thou'rt lost if here thou stay much longer.

Ode *to the* Cuckoo.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet,
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

Logan.

MIRA *and her* LINNET.

What art so sweetly care beguiles,
Or sooths, if fickle fortune smiles,
As the soft pow'rs of song;
This bids the warmer passions rise,
Or fills with liquid grief our eyes,
Such charms to verse belong.

But sure that lay doth most excel,
That can the moral lesson tell
With unaffected ease;
Can by its sounds assuage the sense,
Convey advice without offence,
Or teach reproof to please.

This let me try. A Linnet gay,
In gilded parlour pass'd the day,
In hopping, pruning, singing;
Found Mira's innocent delight,
Who, from the morning to the night,
Was some new comfort bringing.

With flow'rs she deck'd her fav'rite's cage,
She listen'd to his tuneful rage,
As on her hand she bore;
A silver drawer did seed supply,
This drink in crystal fountain by,
What would a Linnet more;

No state could happier be than his,
Yet birds sometimes mistake their bliss,
He pin'd to leave his home;
Enraptur'd by the charming scene
Of silver streams and meadows green,
He quits his wiry dome.

For freedom thus discarding fear,
His wanton pinions beat the air,
With joy his bosom thrill'd;
But soon the birds our stranger peck,
The ev'ning too grew wet and bleak,
And all his rapture chill'd.

Hopeless he hover'd up and down,
Until by chance, propitious thrown,
Where hung his cage in sight;

The worth of safety now he knew,
So back with eager haste he flew,
And sweetly pass'd the night.

Next morn, 'ere Mira left her bed,
While busy dreams disturb'd her head,
Where thought began to spring;
The tuneful wand'rer stretch'd his throat,
And warbling forth his sweetest note,
Thus sung, or seem'd to sing:

"When from our proper good we range,
"Meet madness is the love of change,
"Since fools can ne'er be free;
"Wild wishes always end in woe,
"True pleasure is our bliss to know,
"Content gives liberty."

Mira, though sprightly, gay, and young,
Admir'd, approv'd her linnet's song,
Transferr'd it to her life.
Her beau she dropp'd, she chang'd her plan,
Wedded a plain, but honest man,
And made a prudent wife.

" Learn hence, ye fair ones, undeceiv'd
" False steps are hard to be retriev'd,
" And be with caution bold;
" Not all that strikes your eager eyes
" And fluttering hearts is lawful prize,
" Nor all that glitters, gold."

Weekly Amusement.

The MORNING LARK.

FEATHER'D lyric! warbling high,
Sweetly gaining on the sky,
Op'ning with thy matin lay,
(Nature's hymn!) the eye of day,
Teach my soul, on early wing,
Thus to soar, and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
May the day-spring from on high,
Seen by Faith's religious eye,
Cheer me with his vital ray,
Promise of eternal day! *Thompson.*

The CANARY BIRD.

To you on whose bounty I live,
Whose hand with the tenderest care,
Doth daily my food freely give,
And more for the morrow prepare;

To you I my gratitude pay,
Which in my little bosom doth dwell—
My song I do warble all day,
And to you all my happiness tell.

At your mercy a captive confin'd;
My life and my liberty too,
Are all to your kindness resign'd—
What can your poor pris'ner do?

If from you I attempted to fly,
Where could I for safety repair
With hunger I shortly must die,
When bereft of your fost'ring care

From a clime that's far distant I come,
And here a poor stranger remain;
If e'er I for liberty roam,
Unfriended, I soon shall be slain!

But while I your bounty enjoy,
My liberty lost, I'll not moan,
But to please you, my song will employ,
And your gen'rous sympathy own.

Then let me your captive remain!
I ne'er will repine to be free;
But content, tune my liveliest strain—
This prison's a palace to me!

An INVITATION *to the* FEATHERED RACE, *Written at Claverton, near Bath.*

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the live long day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs,
Secure the Linnet sings;
A Goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah! quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt,
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless Redbreast fear,
Domestic bird! to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees, for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
O let me thus your friendship bribe!
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league, betwixt us made,
Our mutual interest guard:
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

Graves.

VERSES *addressed to a Lady, whose favourite Bird was almost killed by a fall from her finger.*

As Tiney, in a wanton mood,
Upon his Lucy's finger stood,
Ambitious to be free;
With breast elate, he eager tries,
By flight to reach the distant skies,
And gain his liberty.

Ah! luckless bird, what though caress'd,
And fondled in the fair one's breast,
Taught e'en by her to sing:
Know, that to check thy temper wild,
And make thy manners soft and mild,
Thy mistress cut thy wing.

The feather'd tribe who cleave the air,
Their weights by equal plumage bear,
And quick escape our pow'r;
Not so with Tiney, dear delight,
His shorten'd wing repress'd his flight,
And threw him on the floor.

Stunn'd with the fall, he seem'd to die,
For quickly clos'd his sparkling eye,
Scarce heav'd his pretty breast;
Alarmed for her favourite care,
Lucy assumes a pensive air,
And is at heart distrest.

The Stoic soul, in gravest strain,
May call these feelings light and vain,
Which thus from fondness flow:
Yet, if the Bard arightly deems,
'Tis Nature's fount which feeds the streams
That purest joys bestow.

So should it be fair Lucy's fate,
Whene'er she wills a change of state,
To boast a mother's name:
These feelings then, thou charming maid,
In brightest lines shall be display'd,
And praise uncensur'd claim.

Colton.

Lucy assumes a pensive air. And is at heart distrest.

London. Published by W. Darton Junr. 58 Holborn Hill July 13th 1816.

VERSES *on a* GOLDFINCH, *which perched on the fore-yard of his Majesty's ship Falcon, off Brownsea-Castle, August* 14, 1790.

SWEET bird, though welcome to the bard,
Pursue thy liquid way;
A moment rest thy wearied wing,
Nor risk a longer stay.

The sailor, up the giddy mast,
By wary feet convey'd,
Will seize thee with relentless hand
A wretched captive made.

How happy then had been thy state!
(Though not by freedom blest,)
The tenant of a golden cage,
By some fond fair carest.

She had prolong'd thy tuneful life,
(Thy native sky forgot;)
She had repay'd thee for thy song,
Her smiles had crown'd thy lot.

Here would thine ev'ry magic note
Be warbled forth in vain;
Not here would be deplor'd thy loss,
Nor shed the tear humane.

Ah, then had you been Chloe's charge,
So graceful, fair, and meek;
She had bedew'd, with crystal tear,
The roses on her cheek.

Go, gladden thou the woodland scene,
The woodland swain delight;
Or the bard, trembling for thy fate,
Will soon provoke thy flight.

Depart, nor on the faithless yard
In gratitude remain,
I'll ask not (for thy resting place)
The tribute of a strain.

Go then, thy liberty enjoy,
Sweet bird, a long adieu!
The poet, envious of thy bliss,
Would wish to follow too.

Edward Harwood, Jun. Chirurgus.

The PARTRIDGES.

HARD by yon copse, that skirts the flowery vale,
As late I walk'd to taste the evening breeze,
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of sorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew,
But my rude steps increas'd the cause of pain;
Soon o'er my head the whirring Partridge flew,
Alarm'd, and with her flew her infant train.

But short th' excursion; for unused to fly,
Feebly th' unfledg'd wings, the essay could make;
The parent shelter'd by the closing day,
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
And hush'd the affrighted family to rest;
But still the late alarm suggested dread,
As closer to their feathery friend they prest.

She, wretched parent! doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's fear;
With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
And to avert it thus preferr'd her prayer:

O Thou! who e'en the Sparrow dost befriend,
Whose providence protects the harmless Wren;
Thou God of birds! these innocents defend,
From the vile sports of unrelenting men.

For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
The slaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate;
While the dire dog, the faithless stubble tries,
Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.

O may the Sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
Parch, with unwonted heat, the undewy ground;
So shall the Pointer's wonted cunning fail,
So shall the Sportsmen leave my babes unfound.

Then may I fearless guide them to the mead;
Then may I see with joy their plumage grow;
Then may I see (fond thought) their future breed,
And every transport of a parent know.

But if some victim must endure the dart,
And fate marks out that victim from my race,
Strike, strike the leaden vengeance through this heart;
Spare, spare my babes, and I the death embrace.

Annual Register, 1771.

The SWALLOW.

Written in May, 1793, on board his Majesty's ship Vengeance, on a Swallow familiarly entering the ward-room, the ship being then a hundred leagues from land, in her passage to the West Indies. By Dr. Trotter.

WELCOME hither, airy trav'ller,
Hither rest thy wearied wing,
Though from clime to clime a rev'ler,
Constant to returning Spring.

If along the trackless ocean,
Thou by chance hast miss'd thy way;
I'll direct thy wav'ring motion,
But a moment with me stay.

I have news of note to freight thee;
Bear a wand'ring sailor's vow;
So may no dread fate await thee;
Love shall be thy pilot now.

Shun, I pray thee, gentle stranger,
Touch not Gallia's hated shore;
There is death, and certain danger,
She is stain'd with royal gore.

But to happier Britain tend thee,
Where the milder virtues rove;
And this kiss, with which I send thee,
Bear it to my distant love.

Near her window fix thy dwelling,
No rude hand shall do thee wrong;
Safer far than arch or cieling,
Delia's self shall nurse thy young.

There a thousand soft sensations
Lull thy happiness to rest;
Nature, there, with fond persuasions,
Oft shall soothe a parent's breast.

Haste then, gentle bird of passage;
When you leave our wintry isle,
Bring me back my Delia's message,
Bring a kiss, and bring a smile.

ODE *to a* BEAUTIFUL BLACKBIRD, *that perished in a Cage through want.*

SWEET minstrel, for thy piteous fate,
The verse, the tear shall flow!
Ye, whose neglect abridg'd his date,
No peace hereafter know!

When next in forest, grove, or bow'r,
A blackbird's song ye hear;
The raven's note, O may it pour,
To strike with dread the ear.

Lo!—fallen from his perch, he lies,
Through pinching hunger dead!
His sable wing a pall supplies,
And shields his little head!

No more in *Spring*, the upward light
That gleams the sky along,
Shall bring new pleasures to his sight,
Nor wake his cheerful song.

Nor shall his symphony prevail
Through Summer's lengthen'd day;
Responsive to each songster's tale,
That flies from spray to spray.

Though giv'n by nature ample range;
When to his cage confin'd,
He bow'd his spirit to the change,
His music sooth'd his mind.

His music, that possest a charm
To all whose hearts could feel;
All but the engines of this harm,
Who kept his fell *Bastile!*

Idly they heard his warblings shrill,
His food-demanding strain:—
No water cheer'd his thirsty bill—
He sued for bread in vain!

But place him where he's doom'd to rest,
And nigh the hawthorn plant;
Whereon may perch the *rosy breast*,
A *funeral hymn* to chaunt!

County Magazine.

SONNET *to the* NIGHTINGALE.

OFT let me wander at the moon light hour,
To some sequester'd grove, or silent bow'r;
When cease the carols of the plumy throng,
And Philomel begins the plaintive song.

Sweet bird of eve! I love the liquid note,
That flows mellifluous from thy quiv'ring throat;
O zephyr, fleeting zephyr, longer stay,
Nor bear that lovely harmony away.

Enchanting chorister! to me impart
Thy power to lure and captivate the heart;
For, could I tune the soul-seducing air,
The melting strains must surely win the fair.

Then will I strive to learn thy piteous tale,
And swell with thee, sweet bird, the evening gale.

J. Cobbin.

An ELEGY *on a* BLACKBIRD *that was shot on Valentine's Day.*

THE sun had chac'd the winter snow,
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
The melting streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd the annual toil.

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love;
A blackbird rais'd his amorous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

"O fairest of the feather'd train,
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

"See, see the winter's storms are flown,
And zephyrs gently fan the air!
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

" I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
There we will sit and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry border play.

" I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy's eye;
For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
And on thy downy pinions lie.

" To get thee food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of every kind:
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
Or love's assiduous care can find.

" And when my lovely mate would stray,
To taste the summer's sweets at large,
At home I'll wait the live long day,
And tend at home our infant charge.

" When, prompted by a mother's care,
Thy warmth shall form the imprison'd young,
With thee the task I'll fondly share,
Or cheer thy labours with a song."

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
With tender pity heard his strain:
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And nestled closely by her side,
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song—
"Arise! behold the new-born day!
The Lark his matin peal has rung;
Arise, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

But, O! my muse with pain relates,
The mournful sequel of my tale,
Sent by an order of the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd the lover cry'd, " my dear
Haste, haste away; from danger fly!
Here gunner, turn thy vengeance here!
O! spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim;
The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he chose some other game,
Or shot as he had us'd to do.

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse:
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

Adventurer.

The Goldfinches.—*An Elegy.*

To you whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear;
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
The Doric strains belong, O Shenstone, hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the plumy race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine!
A Goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
With wond'rous art they built their airy seat;
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
Not distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye?
What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!
What joy each other's likeness to descry,
And future sonnets, in the chirping brood!

But, ah! what earthly happiness can last?
How does the fairest purpose often fail!
A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he,
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart;
With concord false and hideous prosody,
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd with rav'nous eyes,
Where, wrapt in down, the callow songsters lay;
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
And bore it, in his impious hands, away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed:
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

" O grief of griefs!" with shrieking voice she cried,
" What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!
" O! that I had in youth's fair season died,
" From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

" Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
" Was it for this I pois'd the unwieldy straw!
" For this, I bore the moss from yonder hill,
" Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

" Was it for this, I pick'd the wool with care,
" Intent with nicer skill our work to crown;
" For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
" And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

" Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
" And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;
" For this, I sat at home, whole days confin'd,
" To bear the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

" Was it for this, my watchful eyes grow dim?
" For this the roses on my cheek turn pale?
" Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!
" And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!

" O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!
" More murd'rous than the cat, with prudish face;
" Fiercer than kites, in whom the furies dwell,
" And thievish as the cuckoo's pilf'ring race!

" May juicy plums for thee forbear to grow,
" For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dies;
" May birch-trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
" And list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries!"

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale;
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd;
Then, side by side, they sought the distant vale,
And there, in secret sadness, inly mourn'd.

Shenstone.

SONNET *on the* DEPARTURE *of the* NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewel, soft minstrel of the early year;
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the Night's dull ear.

Whether on Spring thy wand'ring flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.

With cautious step, the love-lorn youth shall glide
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd-girls, from eyes profane, shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best.

For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Smith.

Ode *to a* Singing Bird.

O Thou that glad'st my lonesome hours,
With many a wildly-warbled song,
When melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her sullen storms along;
When fell adversity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickness, Want, Remorse, and Pain,
With all her host of carking cares;
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul!

Sweet soother of misery, say,
Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why dost thou pour that artless lay?
How can'st thou, little prisoner, sing?
Hast thou not cause to grieve
That man, unpitying man, has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou should'st, as well as he, receive?

The power to woo thy partner in the grove;
To built where instinct points, where chance
directs to rove.

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
Nor wishest to be unconfined.
Then how relentless he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave such innocence
Of life's best blessing—Liberty!
Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care!

But why for thee this fond complaint?
Above thy master thou art blest!
Art thou not free?—Yes; calm Content,
With olive sceptre, sways thy breast:
Then deign with me to live;
The falcon, with insatiate maw,
With hooked bill and griping claw,
Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive;

And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,
While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
Thy wiry tenement assail;
These, these shall be my constant care,
The limpid fount, and temp'rate meal:
And when the blooming Spring,
In checquer'd livery robes the fields,
The fairest flow'rets Nature yields
To thee officious will I bring;
A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,
And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird! be thine.

From drear Oblivion's gloomy care,
The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave;
This meed she knows thy merits claim:
She knows the liberal heart
Is ever ready to dispense
The tide of bland Benevolence,
And Melody's soft aid impart,

Is ready still to prompt the magic lay,
Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

'Erewhile, when brooding o'er my soul,
Frown'd the black demons of despair,
Did not thy voice that power controul,
And oft suppress the rising tear?
If Fortune should be kind,
If e'er with affluence I am bless'd,
I'll often seek some friend distress'd;
And when the weeping wretch I find,
Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,
And solace all his woes with social sympathy!

Richardson.

The THRUSH.

How void of care yon merry Thrush,
That tunes melodious on the bush,
That has no stores of wealth to keep,
No lands to plow, no corn to reap!

He never frets for worthless things,
But lives in peace, and sweetly sings:
Enjoys the present with his mate,
Unmindful of to-morrow's fate.

Of true felicity possest,
He glides through life supremely blest:
And for his daily meal relies,
On Him whose love the world supplies.

Rejoic'd, he finds his morning fare,
His dinner lies—he knows not where—
Still to th' unfailing hand he chaunts
His grateful song, and never wants.

Williams.

The LARK.

SEE how the Lark, the bird of day,
Springs from the earth, and wings his way!
To Heaven's high vault his course he bends,
And sweetly sings as he ascends.

But when, contented with his height,
He shuts his wings, and checks his flight,
No more he chaunts the lively strain,
But sinks in silence to the plain.

Whitehead.

Address *to a* Hedge Sparrow.

Little flutt'rer! swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying;
Little flutt'rer! cease to fear.

One who would protect thee ever
From the school-boy, kite, and hawk,
Musing, now obtrudes, but never
Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

He no weasel stealing slily
Would permit thy eggs to take;
Nor the pole-cat, nor the wily
Adder, nor the writhed snake.

May no cuckoo, wandering near thee,
Lay her egg within thy nest;
Nor thy young ones, born to cheer thee,
Be destroy'd by such a guest!

Little flutt'rer, swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying;
Little flutt'rer! cease to fear.

Anthology.

Beautiful Description of the DOMESTIC COCK.

WITHIN a homestead lived, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble chanticleer.
More certain was the crowing of this cock
To number hours than is an abbey clock:

And sooner than the morning bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost and sung.
High was his comb, and coral red withal,
Indents embattled like a castle wall:

His bill was raven black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet;
White were his nails, like silver to behold;
His body glitter'd like the burnish'd gold.

Dryden.

The CONFINED LARK.

THE tuneful Lark, who from his nest
'Ere yet well fledg'd, is stol'n away,
With care attended, and carest,
Will sometimes sing the livelong day;
Yet still his native field he mourns,
His gaolor hates, his kindness scorns,
For freedom pants, for freedom burns,
That darling freedom once obtain'd,
Unskill'd, untaught to search for prey,
He mourns the liberty he gain'd,
And, hungry, pines his hours away.
Helpless the little wand'rer flies,
Then homeward turns his longing eyes,
And, warbling out his grief, he dies.

On the DEATH *of a* FAVOURITE BULFINCH.

YE Nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red
With tears o'er hapless fav'rites shed,
O share Maria's grief!
Her fav'rite, even in his cage,
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
Assassin'd by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,
The egg was laid from which he sprung,
And though by Nature mute,
Or only with a whistle blest,
Well taught, he all the sounds express'd
Of flageolet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the sleekest mole;
His bosom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise
To sweep up all the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
Dire foe, alike to bird and mouse
No cat had leave to dwell;
And Bully's cage supported stood,
On props of smoothest shaven wood,
Large-built and lattic'd well.

Well lattic'd—but the grate, alas!
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
For Bully's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
With which, when neatly peel'd and dried,
The swains their baskets make.

Night veil'd the pole. All seem'd secure:
When, led by instinct sharp and sure,
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth-sallied on the scout,
Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whisker'd snout,
And badger-colour'd hide.

He, ent'ring at the study door,
Its ample area 'gan t' explore;
And something in the wind

Conjectur'd, sniffling round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
Food, chiefly, for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impress'd,
A dream disturb'd poor Bully's rest:
In sleep he seem'd to view
A rat, fast clinging to the cage,
And, screaming at the sad presage,
Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
Right to his mark the monster went—
Ah, muse! forbear to speak,
Minute the horrors that ensued;
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
He left poor Bully's beak.

He left it—but he should have ta'en
That beak, whence issued many a strain
Of such mellifluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wote,
For silencing so sweet a throat,
Fast set within his own.

Maria weeps—the Muses mourn—
So when, by Bacchanalians torn,
On Thracian Hebrus' side
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,
His head alone remain'd to tell
The cruel death he died.

Cowper's Poems.

The GOLDFINCHES.

A Lesson for Friendship. By W. Cowper, Esq.

THE green-house is my summer seat:
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air:
Two Goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list:

Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And, therefore, never miss'd.

But nature works in ev'ry breast,
Instinct is never quite suppress'd,
And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite
The freeman to a farewel flight;
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too gen'rous and sincere,
To leave his friend behind.

For, settling on his grated roof
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof,
That he desir'd no more:
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till gently seiz'd, I shut him fast
A pris'ner as before.

Oh ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout;
Blush when I tell you how a bird,
A prison, with a friend, preferr'd,
To liberty without.

Ode *to the* Swallow.

Written by Charlotte Smith.

The gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
The Swallow too is come at last;
Just at sun-set, when Thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed-roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the grey dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian Sage,
The Hindostanic woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds, that bring the rain,
You sail'd above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

In Afric does the sultry gale
Through spicy bower, and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated Cuckoo's tale?
Dwells *there* a time, the wandering Rail
Or the itinerant Dove?

Were you in Asia? O relate,
If there your fabled sister's woes
She seem'd in sorrow to narrate;
Or sings she but to celebrate
Her nuptials with the rose?

I would inquire how, journeying long,
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before.

But if, as colder breezes blow,
Prophetic of the waning year,
You hide, though none know when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
And linger torpid here:

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream
Bids you to happier hours awake;
And tells that dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
The May-fly on the lake?

Or, if by instinct taught to know
Approaching dearth of insect food;
To isles and willowy aites you go,
And crowding on the pliant bough,
Sink in the dimpling flood:

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom
Your deep and ouzy couch above,
The time when flowers of promise bloom,
And call you from your transient tomb,
To light, and life, and love!

Alas! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where Nature draws;
Let baffled Science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone,
By *Him* who gives her laws.

The SENSITIVE LINNET.

Written by Thomas Dermody.

My fond social Linnet, to thee
What dear winning charms did belong;
On my hand thou wouldst carol with glee,
On my bosom attend to my song.
Sweet bird, in return for my strain,
Thou warbled'st thy own o'er again.

Love, jealous a bird should thus share
My affections, shot speedy his dart:
To my swain now I sung every air;
The Linnet soon took it to heart.
Sweet bird, in how plaintive a strain
Thou warbled'st thy own jealous pain!

But faithless my lover I found:
And in vain to forget him I tried:
The Linnet perceiv'd my heart's wound:
He sicken'd, he droop'd, and he died.
Sweet bird, why to death yield the strain?
Thy song would have lighten'd my pain.

Dear Linnet, I'll pillow thy head;
In down will I coffin thy breast;
And when thy sad mistress is dead,
Together in peace we will rest.
Sweet bird, how ill-fated our strain!
We shall warble, alas! ne'er again.

On a Swallow

That took refuge in the Ward-room of H. M. S. Captain, off Brest, Nov. 10, 1805.

Say, hapless bird, what distant shore
Thy wand'ring wings would fain explore;
Or why fair Albion's peaceful isle,
Where every blessing deigns to smile,
Can hold no lure to tempt thy stay,
And bask in Sol's resplendent ray;

Thy walls of mud on yonder dome,
Where peaceful smil'd the swallow's home,
No notes of cheering joy rehearse;
No children's sweet responsive verse:

Alas! they wail the parent fled,
And wait, forlorn, their daily bread.

Perhaps some bird, with rude essay,
Has forced thee from thy home away;
Some vile intruder, who ne'er knew
The joys that kindred love pursue,
Too indolent to build his nest,
Usurps thy downy bed of rest.

Like Noah's dove, in ancient ark,
Thou liv'st within a hallow'd bark;
For sacred are Britannia's walls,
That guard her shores from daring Gauls;
And here thy wand'ring feet may stay,
And hop secure the live-long day.

Perhaps a bird portending bliss—
Omen of Fame!—thou enter'st this—
Arrested by keen hunger's rage,
Here seek thy mis'ries to assuage:
Whene'er thou pleas't, unharm'd, retreat,
For thou'rt no *prisoner in the fleet.*

J. H. G. Assist. Surg. H. M. S. Captain.

CONCERT *of the* FEATHERED RACE *in a May Morning.*

BEHOLD! the beauteous queen of May!
Deck'd out in all her rich attire;
To her the muse devotes this lay,
Her varied charms the notes inspire.

O welcome! smiling, lovely fair!
To thee!—the noblest strains belong;
Thou glory of the circling year!
Thy charms demand an annual song.

Since, at the sweet return of Spring,
Some new delight you still display;
For this, the warbling choirs all sing,
And gladly hail the happy day.

In blooming purple she descends,
With flow'ry wreaths, and blossoms crown'd;
The genial pow'r she far extends,
With joy inspires the country round.

Of silv'ry white, a fragant show'r,
She does o'er ev'ry hawthorn strow;
And opens ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Bids all their latent beauties blow.

The primrose fair, the violet blue,
Beneath the verdant bushes rise;
The cowslip sweet, of golden hue,
In plenteous crops delight our eyes.

While wood-bines round the spreading trees,
In am'rous folds their tendrils twine;
The neat, industrious curious bees,
Extract those sweets their cells refine.

Nature now breathes, from all her sweets,
Soft clouds of fragrant odours rise:
Her smile the whole creation greets,
And grateful incense fills the skies.

While gentle zephyrs rise aloft,
Their fragrant silken wings prepare:
Her balmy essences to waft,
Throughout the circumambient air.

Mild gentle breezes cheer the clime,
The feather'd songsters tune their notes;
The Lark who chaunts his hymns sublime,
Aloft in boundless ether floats.

And the soft Cuckoo's constant song,
So sweetly echo's o'er the vale;
The Thrush, and Blackbird, all day long,
Pursue their sweet enchanting tale.

'Tis love that warms each tender breast,
With emulation swells each strain;
To form the curious downy nest,
They search the grove and skim the plain.

All stretch the soft enamell'd wing,
With joy, exert the grateful lay;
And animate the muse to sing,
The lovely charms of blooming May.

Giles.

ADDRESS *to the* WOODLARK.

O STAY, sweet warbling Woodlark stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

Burns.

On a GOLDFINCH *starved to Death in his Cage.*

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date:
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of ev'ry ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shewn me less,
Had been your pris'ner still.

Cowper.

ADDRESS *to the* LARK, *on the Return of Spring.*

HAIL! lovely tuneful warbler, hail!
Thy song my breast with joy inspires;
The joyful theme, thy notes reveal,
Now animates the feather'd choirs,

See——how they stretch the painted wing,
With music charm the grove, the plain!
All hail the sweet return of Spring,
While mutual love inspires each strain.

Thy song proclaims the dawning day,
That smiles to greet the youthful year;
While trees the tender bud display,
And gentle zephyrs fan the air.

Aurora smiles, in purple clad,
The hills reflect a flushing ray;
The sun breaks forth, gay Nature's glad,
And all the generous tribute pay.

The flow'rs their varied charms unfold,
With grateful incense fill the skies!
While herds and flocks do leave the fold,
And joy to see the morn arise.

Aloft the lark exulting tow'rs,
While ploughmen turn the fertile soil;
Which teems with Ceres' bounteous stores
And well rewards their annual toil.

O lovely, charming, blooming, Spring!
Thou pride and glory of the year;
Now, love and pleasure on the wing,
Invite abroad, the young, the fair;

T' inhale the balmy breathing air,
And emulate thy grateful lay!
That does the heav'ns with music cheer,
And hails with joy the smiling day:

The day that smiles on *Britain's* land,
O liberty!—thy fav'rite ground!
Where plenty opes her bounteous hand,
Peace smiles with verdant Olives crown'd.

Giles.

The PARTRIDGES.

A Tale for the First of September.

SCARCE had the sun's refulgent ray
Ting'd the high hills and cheer'd the day,
When, saunt'ring on, where through yon vale
Winds the slow path, to taste the gale,
I heard soft murmurs in the breeze,
And sighs re-echo through the trees;
Sudden I stop—surprised—to know
From whence proceed these signs of woe:
When, lo! a partridge-mother near,
O'erwhelm'd in deep despair and fear,
Bewail'd the inauspicious morn
That, blushing, now began to dawn:
What horrors fill'd her little breast?
What racks and tortures broke her rest?
She felt a mother's poignant smart,
A mother's feelings pierc'd her heart:
When, now, not able to refrain,
She thus address'd her infant train:—

" Fly, fly, my babes!" aloud she cry'd—
" Fly, fly!" the woods and hills replied,
" Quick to some lonely grove repair,
" There breathe the unmolested air;
" For, ah! what havoc (cruel fates!)
" Our kindred feathery tribe awaits?
" Before yon blazing orb descends,
" And hisses, dipt in Ocean's ends,
" Hundreds shall bleed (infernal law!)
" To satisfy man's ravenous maw:
" Ev'n now the thund'ring clap I hear;
" Ev'n now I smell the tainted air:
" Fly, then, my tender offspring! fly!
" Th' inhuman murderer, man! is nigh;
" This instant you must quit your home,
" Or the next minute seals your doom."
She said—when, list'ning to her care,
With feeble wing they brush'd the air:
But, ah! how vain her hopes!—for, lo!
The fatal gunner aim'd his blow—
What horror chill'd—how heav'd her side
When now the pointed tube she spied?
With fluttering wings around she flew,
And sought to screen them from his view:

" On me, on me, your vengeance fall!
" But spare my babes!—my precious all!"—
Alas! too favour'd were her cries,
On murder bent, he mark'd his prize;
Quick flash'd the pan! oh, fatal art!
The leaden death quick pierc'd her heart;
The gushing blood ran down her side,
She peck'd her breast, and dropt, and died.

The CAPTIVES; *or, the Bird's Nest.*

As along the lone thicket I stray'd,
To imbibe the sweet drops of the dawn,
That sparkle beneath the green shade,
And embalm the soft air of the morn;

I spy'd on, a hillock of moss,
A younker just risen from rest,
Who, estrang'd from all tender remorse,
Had seiz'd on a chaffinch's nest.

Scarce fledg'd were the young tender things,
And chirp'd (for they felt the cold air)
And mourn'd for the mother's soft wings,
The mother's fond provident care.

Description would die on my tongue,
If I strove to relate the sad tale;
'Tis too much to repeat in my song;
E'en numbers pathetic would fail.

To see the fond mother behind,
Depriv'd of her infant young race;
I hop'd to her moan he'd be kind,
And straight the poor captives replace.

Impatient she flutter'd around,
Bespeaking her tender regard:
Unmindful he sat on the ground,
Unmov'd the petitioner heard.

Then, rising, he chid her away,
As homeward the nestlings he bore;
But she, ah! unable to stay,
Close follow'd him home to his door.

Now in a small cage they're confin'd,
And out of the casement are hung;
Where some sweet relief she may find,
To feed and to tend on her young.

Ye mothers, of feeling possess'd,
Who protect your dear infants with care!
Could you suffer them torn from your breast,
And carry'd you could not tell where?

Could you hear the poor innocents cry,
And see them borne off from your sight;
And would you not follow, nay fly,
And suffer harsh threats with delight?

Speak—could you endure the hard case,
To have the sweet babes of your heart
Secluded each tender embrace,
And kept from their mother apart?

'Tis unnatural e'en to suppose,
That mothers so basely were taught,
To abandon their babes to such woes;
Humanity weeps at the thought.

O say then, fond mothers! I pray,
Supposing the case were your own,
That your infants were taken away,
Is not this too acute to be borne.——

O say then—(for you can express)
Say mothers of gentlest tongue:
Ah! paint the exceeding distress
Of a bird that's bereft of its young.

And take the advice that I give——
(Prevention's as good as a cure)
Should your sweet tender innocents live,
Instruct them a moral as pure.

The ROBIN.

An Elegiac Poem, written at the close of Autumn.

LET me invoke the plaintive muse,
With solemn dirge to aid my strain;
Ye shades descend, and weeping dews,
While grief involves the rural plain.

Alas!——and can ye chose but moan,
To see all nature's charms expire?
Fair blooming Spring, gay Summer gone,
And Autumn hast'ning to retire?

Quite stript of ev'ry beauty, see
How soon their vernal honours fade;
The flow'rs decay, each spreading tree
No more affords a grateful shade.

Their naked branches now behold!
Bleak winds pierce thro' with murm'ring sound,
Admit the northern breezes cold;
And leafy ruins strew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active stage,
Like leaf, or blossom, fades away;
In tender youth, or riper age,
Drops thus, into his former clay.

Her mantle grave, cool ev'ning spreads,
Now soon obscures each pleasing view;
The rising hills, the flow'ry meads,
Each prospect fair, we bid adieu.

The sun cuts short his joyful race,
Stern Winter brings his gloomy train;
And nature's languid, dying face,
In solemn sadness shuts the scene.

The Red-breast, dear domestic bird!
Who now forsakes the leafless grove;
In days of yore was much preferr'd,
Sacred to hospitable love.

He soothes me with his plaintive tale,
When Sol withdraws his friendly ray;
Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
And close the short remains of day.

O welcome, to my homely board!
For thee I'll ope a lib'ral hand;
Were it with choicest dainties stor'd,
There unmolested thou shouldst stand.

Since you, of all the warbling throng,
(Who now to warmer climes retire;)
Remain to cheer me with a song,
And many a pleasing thought inspire.

O then adieu, dear rural scenes!
Fair blooming Spring, and Summer gay:
Autumn's decline this truth explains,
That I, like them, must soon decay.

When hoary age, like Winter peers,
The vital springs will slowly move;
Then retrospects on former years,
Like as a flatt'ring dream shall prove.

Giles.

SONNET *to the* THRUSH.

On hearing one sing in January.

SING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blith carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bid them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away.

Yet come thou child of poverty and care!
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

Burns.

The JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Hither he wings his airy flight,
And then securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupy mankind below,
Secure, and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round about—
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,

Its customs, and its bus'nesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he? Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

Cowper.

The general Influence of SPRING *on the* FEATHERED TRIBES.

LEND me your song, ye nightingales; oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce
From the first note the hollow Cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the Lark,
Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The Thrush
And Wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The Blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow Bullfinch answers from the grove;

Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering furze,
Pour'd out profusely silent. Join'd to these,
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the Stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then on a sudden struck,

Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That *Nature's* great command may be obey'd;
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots

Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The Swallow sweeps
The slimy pool to build his hanging house,
Intent. And often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,

Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour. O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly,
Affectionate, and undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which, equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential *Heaven*,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great *Father of the Spring* inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive,

The unfeeling school-boy. Hence around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd Plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The Wild Duck, hence
O'er the rough moss; and o'er the trackless waste
The Heath-hen flutters (pious fraud) to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

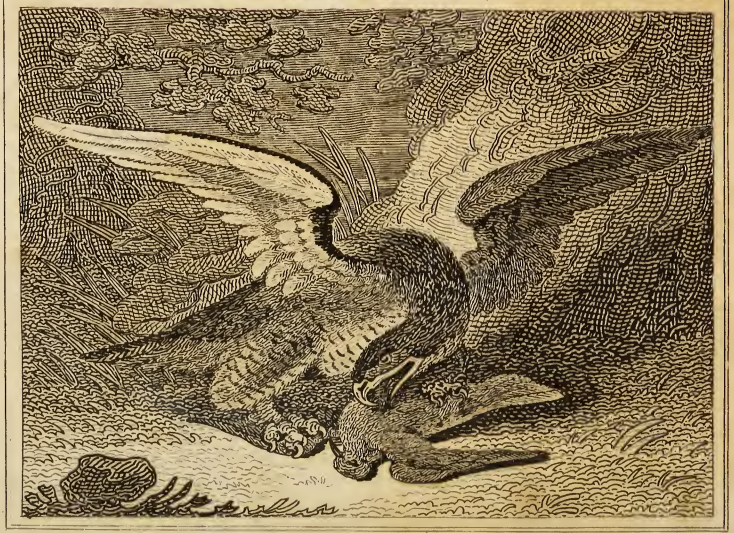
Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;

If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the Nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:

This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish'd wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the
woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the
boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails, their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void,
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air



Then with a villain's smile he struck, The loveliest tenant of the wood;

London Published by W. Darton Junr. 58 Holborn Hill July 25th 1815.

The acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.
Thomson's Seasons.

The NIGHTINGALE *and* HAWK.

A NIGHTINGALE in her retreat,
Exerted all her native pow'rs;
Compos'd and sung plaintively sweet,
To charm the silent hours.
A hungry Hawk in ambush lay,
And seiz'd the hapless songster for his prey;
The warbling victim try'd, in vain,
To melt a cruel tyrant's heart;
Proof against every moving strain
Of nature or of art.
Charmer, said he, I wait too long,
Hawks require food more solid than a song;
Then with a villain's smile he struck
The loveliest tenant of the wood;
In her poor heart his beak he stuck,
Rioting in her vital blood.

On the DEATH *of a* LADY'S SPARROW.

THE bird expires! Death gave the dreadful word,
And lovely Anna mourns her fav'rite bird:
Ye feather'd choir, in willing throngs repair,
And soothe the sorrow of the weeping fair;
In sounds of woe the dear departed greet,
With cypress, strew, ye Doves, the green retreat;
The hateful Raven toll the passing bell,
The solemn dirge be sung by *Philomel;*
With your just tears the bard shall mix his own,
And thus in artless verse inscribe the stone:

EPITAPH.

Interr'd within this little space,
A bird in silence lies:
Learn hence how vain is ev'ry grace;
How fruitless to be wise.

Can mortals stop the arm of death,
Who ne'er compassion knew?
He each, in turn, will rob of breath,
Who Anna's fav'rite slew.

Ah, happy bird! to raise those sighs,
Which I could ne'er obtain.
Ah, happy bird! to cloud those eyes,
That fire each kneeling swain.

Thrice bless'd thy life, her joy, her bliss,
Thrice bless'd thy happy doom:
She gave thee many a gentle kiss,
She wept upon thy tomb.

On seeing a GOLDFINCH *in a Cage, hung in a Garden.*

SECLUDED from the feather'd throng,
Who gaily hop from tree to tree:
In vain thou try'st, with plaintive song,
To fix their kind regards on thee.

Thus have I seen, in prison pent,
Some wretch by fortune's frowns undone;
Through gloomy bars his fate lament
To crowds, who pass regardless on.

Death *of the* Lark.

As once the grove the fair one trod,
And tun'd the Sylvan strain,
A Lark to imitate her strove,
But strove, alas! in vain.

Her mattin song she ceas'd to sing,
Or hail the rising dawn;
But bid adieu! in plaintive notes,
To ev'ry mead and lawn.

To rage (poor bird!) a victim fell,
To think in vain she try'd;
Then stretch'd a wing, and dropp'd the spray,
Forsook the skies, and dy'd.

A PASTORAL ELEGY *on the* DEATH *of a* LADY'S CANARY BIRD.

Now the grey dawn had scarce o'ercome the night,
And o'er the welkin cast a doubtful light,
The paler stars proclaim'd the morn's advance,
And faintly glimmer'd thro' the smooth expanse,
When Thenot, simple swain! with grief opprest,
For Vireo dead, neglects his balmy rest,
Flies to the beach, unmindful of his flock,
There lies complaining on the chilling rock,
His tears the swellings of the waves increase,
While grief, with pale concern, imprints his face.

Be hush'd my sighs—ye tears more softly flow,
Be still ye waves—ye winds forget to blow;
Let echo slumber in the dreary vale,
And Nature, silent, hear the sad'ning tale:—
Ah!—no! my sighs, my fiercest griefs arise—
Let ceaseless sorrows overflow my eyes;

Ye winds, the air with hollow murmurs fill,
Let echo spread my woes from hill to hill;
With greater ease our load of grief we bear,
When other part'ners in our sorrows share.

Oft to my eyes his airy form appears,
And oft his voice soft warbles in my ears;
His quiv'ring pinions, and his swelling throat
Now swim before my sight:—Hark! that's his note!
'Tis fancy all, and now that fancy dies,
Nor joy, nor Vireo glads my tearful eyes.

His plumes the beauties of the king-cup show,
Mix'd with the whiteness of descending snow;
His glossy wings delightfully unfold,
Like ev'ning clouds bestreak'd with liquid gold;
Smooth on his breast the downy feathers lay,
No down so smooth, no fleece so soft as they:
But what avails that eye-enchanting store?
His plumes, his voice, his beauties are no more.
More sweet, more various were his pleasing strains,
Than rising flow'rs that deck untrodden plains:

More cheering he than breath of infant Spring,
He'd sing so sweet—how sweetly wou'd he sing!
But now, ah see! the fav'rite warbler dead!
See! down his breast now drops the speckled
head;
All stiff he lies the dampy earth along,
His little bosom swells no more with song,
No more to melting airs attunes his voice,
To charm the vales, or bid the groves rejoice;
Fled are the joys we felt when'er he sung,
And ev'ry sweet that dwelt upon his tongue.

Ye blithesome elves (if elves regard our pain)
Who tread the circles of the grassy plain,
Who print the slattern's arm with pinches blue,
And silver drop in cleanly damsel's shoe;
Who ride the whirling winds by swains unseen,
And gambol mirthful on the daisy'd green:
Where was your boasted care, when Vireo lay
Devoid of strength, and panting life away?
Oh! had ye sav'd that life which now is flown,
No sighs this breast, no tears these eyes, had
known.

In vain your sighs, your tears in vain are shed,
Nor tears, nor sighs recal the breathless dead:
Ah! witless lad! thou causeless art aggriev'd,
Had Vireo life deserv'd, he still had liv'd:
The fatal cause by which the warbler dy'd,
Wrong dost thou ween, that doubt must I decide:

One ev'ning mild as fair Letitia sung,
And pour'd melodious sweetness from her tongue,
Silent the wild creation stood around,
Intent to hear, and gladden'd with the sound:
There Vireo came, and while his ear he turn'd
To catch her notes, his heart with envy burn'd;
With jealous rage his tender bosom swell'd,
To hear his song surpass'd, his voice excell'd;
No more he cheerful chirps, no more he sings,
But droops his languid head, and hangs his wings;
In secret pin'd with unsuspected woes,
And breath'd out life before the morn arose.

The NIGHTINGALE.

As Phœbus darted forth his milder ray,
And length'ning shades confess'd the short'ning day;
To Tyber's banks repair'd an am'rous swain,
The love and envy of the neighbouring plain,
To cool his heat, he sought the breezy grove,
To cool his heat, but more the heat of love;
To sooth his cares, on the soft lute he play'd;
But the soft lute refresh'd the lovely maid:
Conspiring elms their umbrage spread around,
Wav'd with applause, and listen'd to the sound.
Sweet Philomel, the chorister of love,
The musical enchantress of the grove,
With wonder heard the shepherd as he play'd,
And stole, attentive, to the tuneful shade.
Perch'd o'er his head the silver Syren sate,
With envy burning and with pride elate;
Ambitiously she lent a list'ning ear,
Charm'd with the very sounds she dy'd to hear;

Each note, each flowing accent of the song,
She sooth'd, and sweeten'd with her softer tongue,
Gently refin'd each imitated strain,
And paid him with his harmony again.
The shepherd wonder'd at the just replies,
At first mistaken for the vocal breeze:
But when he found his little rival near
Imbibing music both at eye and ear,
With a sublimer touch he swept the lute,
A summons to the musical dispute.
The summons she receiv'd, resolv'd to try;
And, daring, warbled out a bold reply.
Now sweetest thoughts the gentle swain inspire;
And with a dying softness tune the lyre;
Echoes the vernal music of the woods,
Warble the murmurs of the falling floods.
Thus sweet he sings, but sweetly sings in vain,
For Philomela breathes a softer strain;
With easier art she modulates each note,
More nat'ral music melting in her throat.
Much he admir'd the magic of her tongue,
But more to find his lute and art outdone.
And now to loftier airs he tunes the strings,
And now to loftier airs his echo sings;

Though loud as thunder, though as swift as thought,
She reach'd the swelling, caught the flying note;
In trembling treble, now in solemn bass,
She shew'd how nature could his art surpass.
Amaz'd, at length with rage the shepherd burn'd,
His admiration into anger turned;
Inflam'd, with emulating pride he stood,
And thus defy'd the charmer of the wood:
And wilt thou still my music imitate?
Then see thy folly, and thy task is great:
For know, more powerful lays remain unsung,
Lays far superior to thy mimic tongue.
If not, this lute, this vanquished lute, I swear,
Shall never more delight the ravish'd ear;
But broke in scatter'd fragments strew the plain,
And mourn the glories which it could not gain.
He said: and, as he said, his soul on fire,
With a disdainful air he struck the lyre.
Quick to the touch the tides of music flow,
Swell into strength, or melt away in woe:
Now raise the thrilling trumpet's clanging jar,
And imitated thunders rouse the war:

Now soft'ning sounds, and sadly-pleasing strains,
Breathe out the lover's joys, and lover's pains.
He sung; and ceas'd her rival notes to hear,
As his dy'd list'ning in the ambient air.
But now, too late, her noble folly found,
Sad Philomela stood subdu'd by sound:
Though vanquish'd, yet, with gen'rous ardour fill'd,
Ignobly still she scorn'd to quit the field;
But, slowly faint, her pensive accents flow,
Weaken'd with grief, and overcharg'd with woe.
Again she tunes her voice, again she sings,
Strains ev'ry nerve, and quivers on her wings;
In vain, her sinking spirits fade away,
And, in a tuneful agony, decay:
Dying she fell, and, as the strains expire,
Breath'd out her soul, in anguish, on the lyre:
Dissolv'd in transport, she resign'd her breath,
And gain'd a living conquest by her death.

Pope.

SEE, mamma, what a sweet little prize I have found!

London Published by W. Darton Jun.r & H. Bern Hill July 25th 1816.

The ROBIN.

SEE, mamma, what a sweet little prize I have found!
A Robin that lay half benumbed on the ground!
I caught him, and fed him, and warm'd in my breast,
And now he's as nimble and blithe as the rest.
Look, look, how he flutters!—He'll slip from my hold.
Ah, rogue! you've forgotten both hunger and cold!
But indeed 'tis in vain, for I sha'n't set you free,
For all your whole life you're a prisoner with me;
Well hous'd and well fed, in your cage you will sing,
And make our dull winter as gay as the spring;
But stay—sure 'tis cruel, with wings made to soar,
To be shut up in prison and never fly more—
And I, who so often have longed for a flight,
Shall I keep you prisoner?—Mamma—is it right?
No, come, pretty Robin, I must set you free—
For your whistle, though sweet, would sound sadly to me.

The BULLFINCH.

HARK to the Blackbird's pleasing note:
Sweet usher of the vocal throng!
Nature directs his warbling throat,
And all that hear admire the song.

Yon Bullfinch, with unvary'd tone,
Of cadence harsh and accent shrill,
Has brighter plumage to attone
For want of harmony and skill.

And while to please some courtly fair
He one dull tune with labour learns,
A well-gilt cage, remote from air,
And faded plumes is all he earns.

Go, hapless captive! still repeat
The sounds which nature never taught:
Go, listening fair, and call them sweet,
Because you know them dearly bought.

Unenvied both, go hear and sing
Your studied music o'er and o'er!
Whilst I attend th' inviting Spring
In fields where birds unfetter'd soar.

Lady Luxborough.

The Dead Sparrow.

Tell me not of joy, there's none
Now my little Sparrow's gone:
He would chirp and play with me;
He would hang the wing awhile;
'Till at length he saw me smile
O how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then,
Sporting, let it go again;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip;
He would from my trencher feed,
Then would hop, and then would run
And cry *philip* when he'd done;
O! whose heart can choose but bleed?

O how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite!
No morn did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit and mark and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall;
And then straightway sleek 'em too.

Now my faithful bird is gone;
O let mournful Turtles join
With loving Red-breasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone!

LINES *descriptive of the* EMIGRATION *of* BIRDS.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play,
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wint'ry slumbers they retire;

In clusters clung beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The Stork assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascend; and, riding high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thulè, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude-resounding shore are one wild cry.

Thompson's Seasons.

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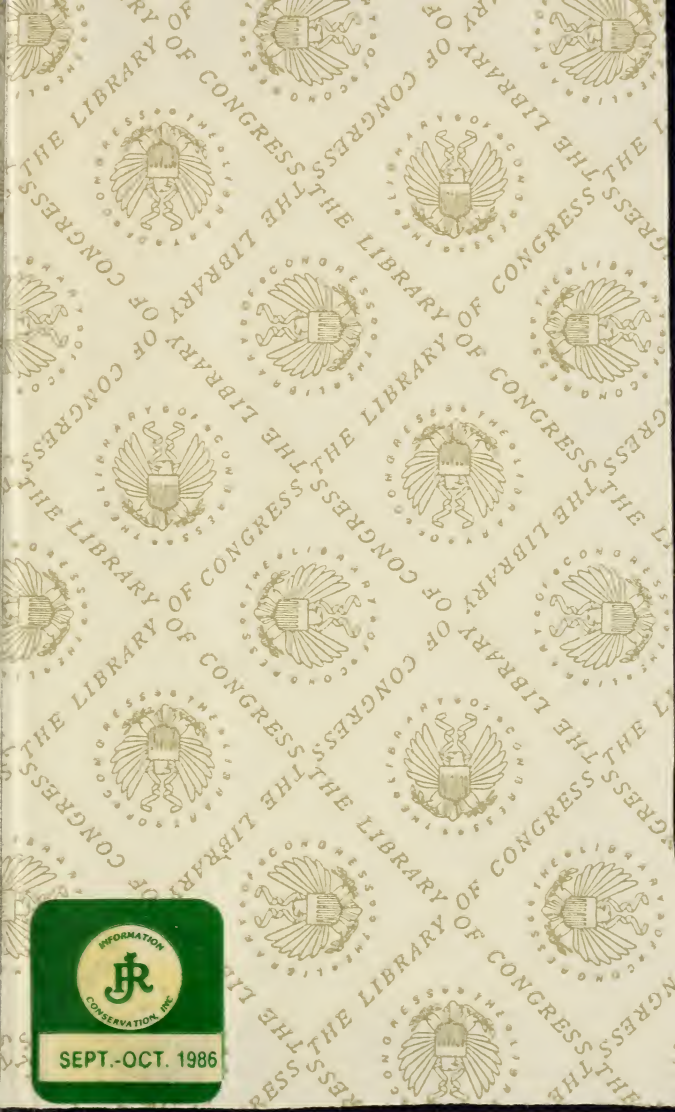
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